FAIRY TALES OF IRELAND

Collected in the Original Irish from the Lips of Irish Story Tellers.

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The Three Sisters and Their Husbands, Three Brothers,

After an interval of two days we had our fith and last meeting in the house at the cross road. As the old man had fold all his stories and the blind quarryman had only one left. my host brought a tinker who had walked the way" that day and was rassing the night at the house. The tinker knew none of the old tales, but as the host said. He has two stories that will kneek a laugh out of the company, and they prove that wo mee can outwit their husbands, as well as there men, we were curious to hear what he had to say, and he teld the following:

In the county Cork, a mile and a half from Permor, there lived three brothers. The three lived in one house for some years and never thought of marrying. On a certain day they went to a fair in the town of Fermoy. There was a platform on the fair ground for dancing and a fiddler on the platform to give music to the dancers. Three sisters from the neighberhood, handsome girls, lively and full of jokes, made over to the three brothers and asked would they dance. The youngest and middle brother wouldn't think of dancing, but the eidest said: "We mustn't refuse; it

wouldn't be good manners. The three brothers dauced with the girls and after the dance took them to a public house for refreshments.

After a while the second brother spoke un and said: "Here are three sisters, good wives for three brothers; why shouldn't we marry? Let my eldest brother take the eldest sister; I will take the second; my youngest other can have the youngest sister."

it was settled then and there that the three couples were satisfied if the girls' parents were. Next day the brothers went to the girls' parents and got their consent. In a week's time they were married.

Each of the three brothers had a good farm. and each went now to live on his own place. They lived well and happily for about ten years, when one market day the eldest sister came to the second and asked her to go to Fermey with her.

In those days the women used to carry baskets made of willow twigs, in which they took eggs and butter to market. The second sister said she hadn't thought of going, but she would go, and they would ask the youngest

sister for her company.

All three started off, and each with a basket of eggs. After they had their eggs sold in the market they lingered about for some time looking at people, as is usual with farmers' wives. In the evening, when thinking of home, they dropped into a public house to have a drop of drink before going. The public house was full of people chatting, talking, and drink-ing. The three sisters did not like to be seen at the bar, so they went to a room up stairs, and the eldest called for three pints of porter,

which was brought without delay.
It is common for a farmer or his wife who ten-shilling piece or a pound, and don't wish to change it, to say, "I will pay the next time I come to town," so the eldest sister said now. The second sister called for three pints. n the third followed her example.

Tis said that wom en are very noisy when of've taken a glass or two, but whether that is true or not, these three were noisy, and their alk was so loud that Lord Fermoy, who was bore in a room finishing some business with per of the public house, could not hear thing for their chat, so be sent the landlord betal the women to leave the room. The land-lord went, and finding that they had not paid their reckoning vat. told them it was time they see paing their reckoning and moving to-

ward home.
One of the sisters looked up and said: "The man above will pay all. He is good for the reckoning."
The man of the house, thinking that it was Lord Fermoy she was talking of, was satisfied, and went up stairs.
"Have they gone?" asked Lord Fermoy.
"They have not, and they say that you will ray the reckoning."
"Why should I nay when I don't know them?

"Why should I nay when I don't know them? We'll go down and see who they are and what cent down and Lord Fer

they mean."

The two wont down and Lord Fermoy saw that they were tenants of his; he knew them guite well, he they lived near his own castle. He liked the sisters, they were so sharp witted. "If pay the reaconing and do you bring each of these women a glass of punch," said he to the man of the house.

The punch was brought without delay.

"Here is a half sovereign for each of you," and pay the reacon of you during that time makes the bigges; fool of her hustand will get ten pounds in gold and ten years' reat free."

"We'll do our nest," said the sisters.

Each woman of them was anxious, of course, to do the best she could. They parted at the door of the nublic house, each going her own way, and each thinking of what could be done to win the ten pounds and ten years' rent.

It had harbened that the eldest sister's husband became very phthisicky and sickly a couple of years after his marriage and fell into a decline. On the way home the wife made up her mind what to do. She bought pipes, to-bace, candles and other articles needed at a couple of years after his marriage and fell into a decline. On the way home the wife made up her mind what to do. She hought pipes, to-bacco, candles, and other articles needed at a wake. She was in no harry home, so 'twas late enough when she came to the house. When she looked in at the window she saw her husband sitting by the fire with his hand on his chin and the children asieen around him. A not of notatoes boiled and strained was waiting for her.

She opened the door. The husband looked at her and asked: "Why are you so late?"

Why are you off the table, and where are the sheet, that were over you? asked she as if in a fright; or the shirt that I but on you? I left you haid out on the table."

Sure I am not dead at all. I know very well when you started to go to the market. I wasn't deal then, and I dign't die since you let home."

Then she began to abuse him and said that

one. on she began to abuse him and said that

let home."

Then she began to abuse him and said that all his 1rs-nis were coming to the wake and he had no right to be off the table formenting and atusing herself and the children, and went on in such a way that at last he believed himself dead and asked her in too's name to give him a smoke and he would go up again on the table and sever come down till he was carried from it.

She gave him the nipe, but dign't let him smoke iong. Then she made him ready, but him on the table, and shread a sheat over him. Now two poles were stretched overhead above the body and sneets hing over and down on the sides, as is customary. She put heads between his two thumbs and a prayer book in his hands. "You are not to pon your eyes," said she, "no matter what comes or happens." She unlocked the door then and raised a terrible wailing over the corpse. A woman living opposite heard the wailing and said to her husband:

"Oh, it is Jack that is dead, and it is a shame for you not to go to him."

"I was with him this evening," said the bushand, "and what could kill him since?"

Ane wife hurried over to Jack's house found the corpse in it, and began to cry. Soon there was a crowd gathered, and all crying.

The second sister going past to her own home by a short cut, heard the keening and lamenting. "This is my sister s trick to get the £10 and ten years' rent," thought she, and began to wail also. When inside she pinched the dead man, and pulled at him to get him to sit; but there was no use, he never stirred.

The second sister went home then, and she was very late. Her husband was a strong, able-hodied man, and when she wasn't there to milk the cows he walked up and down the path watching for her, and he very angry, at last he milked the cows himself, drove them out, and then sat down in the house. When the wife came he jumped up and asked; "What sept you out till this hour." Twas there for you to be at home long ago than to be the Lord knows where."

The world I be here, when I stopped at the wait, where you ought to be?

"What w

w could I be here, when I stopped at the

l wake s' brother's wake. Jack is dead, poor what the devil was to kill Jack? Sore I saw this evening and he's not dead,"
wouldn't believe, and to convince him said: "to one to the field and you'll see fights, and, maybe, you'll hear the keen-

She took him over the slitch into the field, and, seeing the lights, he said: "Sure my peer trother is dead!" and negan to cry, "Blue't I tell you, you stump of a fool, that

your brother was dead, and why don't you go
to his wake and go in mourning? A respectable person goes in mourning? A respectable person goes in mourning? A respectable person goes in mourning? The relative and gots credit for it ever after.

"What is mourning?" asked the husband.

"Tis well know," and she, "what mourning is for didn't my mother teach me, and I will show you. him to the house and told him to the worf all his cottees and put on a pair of tight-fitting black knew breaches. He did so: she took a wet brush then and put on a pair of tight-fitting black breeches. When she had him well blackened he put a black steep the black breeches. When she had him well blackened she put a black kin his hand. "Now," said she, "go to the wate, and what you are doing will be a credit to the family for seven generations.

He stated off wailing and crying. Wheneversa wake house is full benches and seats are put outside, men and women sit on these benches till some of those inside go home, then those outside go in. It is common also for boys to go to wakes and get pipes and tobacco, for every ons gets a pipe from a child othere to eld men and women. Some of the boys at Jack's wake after getting their pires and tobacco, for every ons gets a pipe from a child othere to eld men and women. Some of the boys at Jack's wake after getting their pires and tobacco ran off to the field to smoke where their parening the boys tropied their pipes and ran back to the wakehouse, screaming to the people who were sitting outside that the devil was coming to the people who were sitting outside that the devil was coming to the people who were sitting outside that the devil was coming to take was a fine, decent man, but now it comes out that he was different. I'll not be waiting here." He took himself off as fast as his legs could carry him, and others after him. Soon the report went into the wake house, and the corpse heard that the devil was coming to take him, but for all that he didn't dare to got in the five and the said.

"The timing

"Are you out of your mind or drunk that you don't know me?" said the man. "Sure, I am your husband."

"Indeed you are not, "said she.
"And why not?"

"Because you are not; you don't look like him. My husband has tine long, early hair. Not so with you; you look like a shorn wether."

He put his hands to his head, and, inding no hair on it, cried out; "I declare to the Lord that I am your husband, but I must have lost my hair while shearing the sheep this evening. I'm your husband."
"Be off out of this!" screamed the woman. "When my husband comes he'll not leave you long in the house, if you are here he'ro shim."

In those days the people used hog pine for torches and lighting fires. The man, having a bundle of bog pine out in pleces, took some ifree and went toward the field, where he'd been shoaring sheep. He went out to know could be find his hair and convince the wife. When he reached the right blace he set fire to a couple of pine sticks, and they made a nice binze. He went on his knees and was scarching for the hair. He scarched the four corners of the field, crawling hither and over, but if he did not a lock of hair could he find. He went next to the middle of the field, dropped on his knees, and began to crawl around to knew could he find his hair. While doing this he heard a terrible noise of men, and they running toward him, puffing and panting. Who were they but the dead man and the deal? The dead man was losing his breath and was making for the first light before him. He was so excited that he didn't see how near he was to the light and tumbled over the man who was searching for his hair.

"Oh, God he p me," cried the corpse. "I'm done for now!"

Hearing his brother's voice, the black man, who was there recognized him. The

done for now?"
Hearing his brother's voice, the black man, who was there, recognized him. The man

"On, tied he'n me." cried the corpse. "I'm done for now."

Hearing his brother's voice, the black man, who was there, recognized him. The man looking for the hair rose up, and, seeing his brothers, knew them; then each told the others everything, and they saw right away that the whole affair was planned by their wives.

The husbands wenthome well fooled, shamefaced, and angry. On the following day the women went to get the prize. When the whole story was told it was a great question who was to have the money. Lord Fermoy could not settle it himself, and called a council of the gentry to decide, but they could not decide who was the cleverest woman. What the council agreed on was this: To make up a purse of sixty pounds, and give twenty pounds and twenty years' rentice each of the three, if they all solved the problem that would be put to them. If two solved if they would get thirty pounds andece and thirty years' rent: if only one, she would get the whole purse of sixty pounds and rentifice of sixty vears.

This is the first one. We will put a pile of apples in the fourth room; there will be a man of us in the third, second, and first room. You are to go to the fourth room, take as many apples as you like, and when you come to the third room you are to give the man in it had of what apples you'll bring, and half an apple without cutting it. When you come to the third room you are to give the man in it had of what apples you will have left. In the first room you will do the same as in the third and second. Now we will go to put the apples in the fourth room, and we'll give each of you one hour to work out the problem."

"It's the devil to give half an apple without cutting it." said: the eldest sister.

When the men had gone the youngest sister said: "I can do it and I can get the sixty pounds, but as we are three sisters I'll be illeral and half an apple, and when she comes to the naon in the third room she will say the mill say the m

There was a mason once who had an only son, and when this son had grown to man's age the father was thinking how to find a wife

for him. The old man was very wise and worked at

The old man was very wise and worked at his trade always. One day he sent the son to market to seil a sheepskin.

"What am I to ask for it?" said the son.

"Hi not tell you how much to ask, but you are to bring tack the skin and the value of it." When the young man was at the macket people asked what the price of the skin was. The skin and the value of it.

All gathered around laughing at such a fool that wanted the skin and the value of it. All laughed and made sport of him. After offering the sheepskin to every one he was going home, for of course no one would buy the skin at the price he was asking.

On the way home he compare to a river. A

home, for a course no one would buy the skin at the trice he was asking.

On the way home he came to a river. A young woman was washing clothes in the water. Will you buy the skin? "cried he to the girl, for he was told to ask every one." What is the price. "He told her. "Come here, said she. "Thing it."

There was a fine fleeve on the skin so the girl took off the wool, gave him the skin sud then paid him, she had the value of her money in the wool. He went home with the skin and the price of it and well pleased. He told the father what trouble he had had, and how no one hut the girl knew how to buy the sheepekin. That is the girl to be your wife." said the father.

The mason was well to do in the world, and why not, sure, for he built many great castles for poeple and god his pay for them. He married his son to the girl who was so clever. The old man was withal one of the wisest men in

the kingdom. The son was keen, but not so wise as his father. They lived together happily. The young woman was a good wife and pleased the father-in-law greatly.

One time the mason and his son had a call to go to England and build a castle. They had the castle nearly built, and the nobleman who owned it was going to kill the two when they had the castle finished in the way they could never make the like of it. The nobleman had a girl from Erin in his service. She heard the plot to kill the two masons and told them.

"Will the eastle be finished suon?" asked the nobleman one day.

"It would be," said the mason, "if I had an instrument tind I left at home; there is nothing in this country like it."

The mason thought he would save his son's life, son's said: "I'll send my son for it."

"No one could get it from the woman of my house but my only son or your only son. The instrument is called crooked and straight. The maxen may it will see his middle growth in the instrument and I'll make your castle the grandest in the world."

"I'll send my son, and do you and your son stay with me till the castle is finished; you can go home then together."

The man's son went to the mason's house in the south of Erin; there was no one at home but the daughter-in-law.

"I've come for an instrument called crooked and straight. You'll find it in a great deep boy. It's to finish the castle," said he.

She understood right away, she was that wise, and knew that her husband and his father were in danger. There was no such instrument as crooked and straight, and the like of it wasn't in the kingdom.

"One with me," said she; "I will give you what you need." She brought him to a great box, with tools in the bottom of it, and raised the bottom. With that she pushed him in, dropped the lid, and locked it.

"Do you stay thore now till my husband and his father come home," said she, pointing to the corner. "Will you get it yourself?"

He stooped over the box striving to reach the bottom. With the said he, is not have you when you have you

You have two stories of wise women, said the blind man to the tinker. Now I'll tell a story of a man who cannote the knowledge of what gold was in the kingdom, and lost it all through his own foolishness:

Between Dingle and the village of Banon there lived one John Shea, and he was a very poor man, though he worked late and early whenever he found work to do. At last he said that he'd be starving at home no longer, he'd go to some foreign country. So off he started one day and never stopped travelling till he came to Cork and found a ship bound for Lochlin, which the people call Denmark now. Shea went on board the ship and the Captain

asked where was he going.
"I don't care much where I go," answered Shea, "if I go out of Ireland." "There is no use in your going to Lochlin."

said the Captain; "the Danes kill every Irishman that comes to that country." "It's all one to me." said Shea; "I might as well be killed by the Danes as die of hunger in

well to killed by the Danes as die of hunger in Ireland."

The Captain raised anchor, salled away with Shea on board, and reached Lochlin at last, John Shea stepped on shore and went along, not knowing or caring much where he went. While traveling he came to a crossroad and took the right hand. At one side of the road was a hedge mently triumen.

This might load to some house where I could find work, thought Shea. He travelled on and reached a fine mansion at last and went in to ask for employment. Inside he saw two old men bearded to the waist and one old has bearded to the oyes.

Where did you come from?" asked one of the old men.

"From Erin," said Shea.

"What brought you'de Lochlin?"

"To tell you the truth, I was starving, and left home to find employment and food. I took shipping at Cork, and the Captain I salled with landed me here."

"Sit down." said one of the old men. "We will not eat you, never fear; and there is plenty of gold and silver to be had if there is any good in you. Come this way," continued the old man, rising.

Shea followed the old man, who led him to a spail room. In the aloer of the room was a flat stone, with a ring in the middle of it. "Lift this if you can," said the old man. Shea pulled, but thought if all the men in Ireland were to try they could not lift the stone.

"I cannot lift it now," said the old man. Shea pulled, but thought if all the men in Ireland were to try they could not lift the stone.

"I cannot lift it now," said the old man ore to eat I think I could lift it."

The old man stooped down, both pulled, and together raised the stone.

Underneath was a harrel of gold. "I will give you some of this," said the old man. Shea Ireland."

The Captain raised anchor, sailed away with

together raised the stone.

Inderneath was a harrel of gold. "I will give you some of this," said the old man. Shea niled bits two pockets. When he had the gold, the two nen talked as follows:

"Indeed then I am. And with Dingle?"

"Are you well acquainted with Dingle?"

"Indeed then I am. And with Shouldn't I be; don't I go there to mass every Sunday, and wasn't I reared in the neighborhood."

"Go home now. John Shea, and In Banog. two fleids from your house, is a fairy fort, and a very fine fort it is. I ou have gold in plenty to take you home. When you are in Dingle go to the best ment shop in the town and buy a leg of mutton, item buy a lead of turi-ten to the left and to ask the left of mutton. While the mutton is reasting, the smell of it will be over the place, the fort will open, and a cat will rise out of it and come toward you. Hilde belore the cat sees you and from your hiding place watch her. She will wakk up to the mutton, at all she can of it, then she will lie down near the fire and fail aslosp. That is your time. When you have the cat killed the fort will open. By you go in them, Inside you will find a basin, a towel the cat killed the fort will open. By you go in them, lasted you will find a basin, a towel one. Touch nothing else in the fort, if you do you may never come out."

When John Shea had these directions he came tack to Ireland and male his way to Banog, lought the mutton and did everything according to the old man's wish. When the mutton was reasted the cat came out and ate all she wanted or was able to eat. She streethed out then near the fire and fell asleep.

John Shea stole in soitly, caught the cat by the throat, stranged her, and thew her asked. Though open, and are all the way to go in the first room on his lett he saw a basin, a towel, and a razor. He did not touch these, thur will be a subsin, a towel, and a razor. He did not touch these, thur will be a subsin, a towel, and a razor of gold. At sight of the gold he remembered the old man, and when he had him shaked into the ne

FOES IN AMBUSH.

By CAPTAIN CHARLES KING. U. S. A., Retired, Author of "The Colones's Daughter," " Marlon's Paith " "Kitty's Conquest," " A Soldier's Secret," etc.

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The sun was just going down, a hissing globe of fire and torment. Already the lower limb was in contact with the jarged backbone of the mountain chain that rimmed the desert with purple and gold. Out on the barren, hard-baked flat in front of the corral, just where it had been unbitched when the pay-master and his safe were dumped soon after lawn, a weather-beaten ambulance was throwing unbroken a mile-long shadow toward the distant Christobal. The gateway sharply notched in the gleaming range, stood a day's march away-a day's march now only made by night, for this was Arizona, and from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same anywhere south of that curdling mud bath, the Gila, the only human beings impervious to the flerceness of its rays were the

Apaches. "And they." growled the paymas-

ter, as he petulantly snapped the lock of his

little safe, "they're no more human than so

many hyenas."

A big man physically was the custodian and disburser of Government greenbacks -so biz that as he stepped forth through the aperture in the hot adobe wall he ducked his head to avert unwilling contact with its upper edge. Green glass goggles, a broad-brimmed straw nat, a pongee shirt, loose trousers of brown linen, and dust-colored canvas shoes made up the outer man of a personality as distinctly unmilitary as it was ponderous. Slow and labored in movement, the Major was correspondingly sluggish in speech. He sauntared out into the glare of the evening sunshine and became slowly conscious of a device to swear at what he saw: that, though in a minute or two the day god would "douse his glim" behind the black horizon, no preparation whatever had been made for a start. There stood the ambulance, every bolt and link and tire hot as a stove lid, but not a mule in sight. Turning to his left, he strolled along toward a gap in the adobe wall, and entered the dusty interior of the corral. One of the four quadrupeds drowsing under the brush shelter languidly turned an inquiring eye and interrogative ear in his direction, and conveyed, after the manner of the mule, a suggestion as to supper. A Mexican boy sprawling in the shade of a balo of Government hav, and clad in cotton shirt and trousers well nigh as brown as the skin that peeped through occasional gaps, glanced up at him with languid interest an instant, and then resumed the more agreeable contemplation of the writhings of an impaled tarantula. Under another section of the shed two placid little burros were drenmily blinking at vacancy, their grizzled fronts expressive of that ineffable peace found only in the faces of saints and donkeys. In the middle of the enclosure a rude windless coiled with rope stood stretching forth a decrepit lever arm. The whippletree, dangling from the end over the beaten circular track, seemed cracked with heat and age. The stout rope that stretched tautly from the coil passed over a wooden wheel, and disappeared through broad-framed aperture into the bowels of the earth. Close at hand, in the shade of a brush-covered "lean-to," hung three or four huge ollas, earthen water jars, swathed in gunny sack and blanket. Beyond them, warped out of all possibility of future usefulness, stood what had once been the running gear of a California buckboard. Behind it dangled from dusty pegs portions of leather harness, which all the neat's-foot oil of the military pharmacoprela could never again restore to softness or pliability. A newer edition of the same class of vehicle was covered by a canvan "'paulin." A huge stack of barley bags was piled at the far end of the corral, guarded from depredation (quadrupedal) by a barrier of wooden slats, mostly down, and by a tat-

tored biped, very sound asleep. "Where's the sergeant?" asked the paymaster, slowly, addressing no one in particular, but looking plaintively around him.
Still leaning a brown chin on a nearly black

hand, and stirring up his spider with the forked stick he held in the other paw, the boy simply tilted his head toward the dark opening under the further end of the shed, an anerture that seemed to lead to nothing but blackness beyond.

"No sa-a-be." drawled the boy, never lifting his handsome eyes from the joys before him. "Why hasn't he harnessed up?"

A shrug of the shoulders was the only reply. 'Hey?"

"No sa-a-abe," slowly as before.

"What's your name?" "José."

"Weil, José, you go tell him I want him." The boy slowly pulled himself together and ound his feet; started rejuctantly to obey; glanced back at his captive, now scuttling off for freedom; turned again, scotched him with his forked stick, and then with a victous 'huh!" drove the struggling araneid into the sandy soil. This done, he lounged off toward the dark corner in the wall of the ranch, and

dove out of sight.
Presently there slowly issued from this re-

the dark cernor in the wall of the ranch, and dove out of sight.

Presently there slowly issued from this recess a sturdy form in dusty blue blouse, the sleeves of which were decorated with chevrons in far-faded yellow. Under the shahly slouch hat a round, sun-thistered, freekied face, bristing with a week-old beard, peered forth at the staff official with an expression half of languid tolerance, bull of mild irritation. In most perfunctory fashion the soldier just touched the hat run with his forefinger, then dropped the hand into a convenient pocket. It was plain that he felt but faint respect for the staff rank and station of the man in goggles and authority.

"Sergeant Feency. I thought I told you I wanted everything ready to start at sunset."

"You did, sir, and then you undid it." was the prompt and sturdy reply.

The paymaster stood irresolute. Through the shading spectacles of green his eyest soomed devoid of any expression. His attitude remained unchanged, thumbs in the low-cut pockets of his wide-flapping trousers, shoulders meek and drooping.

"We-li," he finally drawied, "you understood I wanted to get on to camp Stoneman by sunrise, didn't you? Didn't my clerk, Mr. Dawes, tell you?

"He did, yes, sir, and you don't want to get there no more than I do. Major. But I told you flatfooted if you lot Donovan and those other men go back on the trail they dind some excuse to ston at Ceralyo's, and, confound 'em, they've done it."

Spose they'll be along presently?"

"Spose they'll be along be shade redder as he echoed aimost confountously the word of nis superior. "Spose? Why, Major, look here!" And the short, swart trooper took tirree quiek strides, then pointed through the word of nis superior. "Spose? Why, Major, look here!" And the short, swart trooper took tirree quiek strides, then pointed through the word of nis superior. "Spose? Why, Major, look here!" And the signal hard the pass. They ha

a mere excuse to ride back so they could drink and gamble with those thugs at Ceralvo's. They we just been paid off, and had no chance for any fun at all before they were ordered out on this escort duty. That money's been burning in their pockets now for three whole nights, and they just can't stand it saylong as a drop of liquor's to be had by hard riding. No soldler is happy till he's dead broke. Major, leastwise none I over see.

What makes you doubt the story. Sergeant? It came straight enough.

"It came straight sir; that's just the trouble. It came straight from Chiluushua Petr's monte mill. It's only a book to draw em back, and they played it on you because they saw you were new to the country and they know I was asleep; and now, unless Lieut. Drummond should happen in with his troop, there's no help for it but to wait for temorrow night, and no certainty of getting away thes."

"Well, If Mr. Drummond were here don't

morrow night, and no certainty of getting away thee.

"Well, if Mr. Drummond were here, don't you suppose he'd have gone or sent back to protect those people?"

"Oh, he'd have gone—certainty—that's his business, but it isn't yours, Major. You've got dovernment money there enough to buy up every rum hole south of the Gia. You're expected to pay at Stoneman, Grant, and Goodwin and Crittenden and Bowis, where they haven that a cent since last Christmas, and here it is the middle of May. You ought to have pushed through with all speed, so none of these jayhawkers could get wind of your going, let alone the Apaches. Every hour you halt is clear gain to their, and here you've simply got to stay twenty-four hours all along of a ceck-and-buil story about some stage load of frightened women fifteen miles back of Gila Bend. It's a plant, Major, that's what I believe."

Old Plummer kicked the toe of his shee into I believe,"
Old Plummer kicked the toe of his shoe into
the sandy soil and hung a reflective head. "I
wish you hadn't shut your eyes," he drawled
at learth.

"I wouldn't sir, if I hadn't thought you'd keep yours open. You slept all night, sir, you and Mr. Dawes, while I rode alongside with finger on trigger every minste."

Absorbed in their gloomy conversation, neither man notices! that the wooden shutter in the adotte wall close at hand had been noise-lessly opened from within, tust an inch or two. Neither knew, neither could see that behind it, in the gathering darkness of the short summer svening, a shadowy form was crouching.

"Then you think we must stay here, do you?" asked the paymaster.

"Think! I know it. Why, the range ahead is alive with Apaches, and we can't stand 'em off with only haif a dozen men. Your clerk's no 'count, Major."

Old Plummer stood irresolute. His clerk, a consumptive and broken-down relative, was at that moment tying nerveless on a rude bunk within the ranch, bemoaning the fate that had impelled him to seek Afrona in search of leaith. He was indeed of little "count," as the raymaster well knew. After a moment's painful thought the words rose to his lips:

"Well, perhans you know best, so here we stay till to-morrow night, or at least until they get back."

One could almost hear the whisper in the at length. I hadn't thought you'd

Well, perhans you know best, so here we stay till to-morrow night, or at least until they get back."

One could almost hear the whisper in the deep recess of the retaining wall-siollant, gasping. Someone cronching still further back in the black depths of the interior did hear.

Santa Maria!

But when a moment later the proprietor of this readside ranch, this artificial easis in a land of desolation, strolled into the big bare room, where half a dozen froopers were dezing or gambling, it was with an air of confidential loviality that he whispered to the corroral in charge:

"Our Iren', the Major, he riffuse me sell you aguardiente—mescal: but wait—to-night."

Oh, pshaw, Moreno, we'll be half way to Stoneman by that time," interrupted the trooper, savagely. "Who's to know where we got the stuff? Well make'em believe Donovan's squad brought it in from Ceralvo's. Give nice a drink new anyhow, you infernal greaser; I'm all burnt out with such a day as this. We've got to start the moment they get back, and there won't be any time then."

"Hush, cabaliero: they come not to-night. You will rest here."

"Why, how in blazes do you know?"

"Softly! I know not. I know noting; yet, mira! I know. They talk long in the corral, the Major and that pig of a Sergeant; for him I enap my finger. Look you!" And Moreno gave a flip indicative of combined deflance and disdain.

I snap my finger. Look you!" And Moreno gave a flip indicative of combined deflance and disdain.

"Don't you count on his not finding out. Moreno, it's all easy enough so far as the Major's concerned, but that blackguard Feeny's different. I tell you. He'd hear the gurgle of the spigot if he were ten miles across the Gila, and he here to bust things before you could serve out a gill confound him! He's been keen enough to put that pasim-singing Yankee on guard over your liquor. How're you going to get at it, anyhow?"

For all answerthe Mexican placed the forefinger of his left hand upon his lips and with that of the right hand pointed significantly to the hard-beaten carthen floor.

"Ah I have a mine," he wilspered. "You will not betray, ehr Shaue! Hush! He comes how."

The gruff voice of Sergeant Feeny broke up

The gruff voice of Sergeant Feeny broke up

The gruff voice of Sergeant Feeny broke up the colloquy.

"Corporal Murphy, take what men you have here and groom at once. Feed and water, too. Moreno, I want supper cooked for eight in thirty minutes. Drop those cards now, you men; you should have been sleeping as I told you, so as to be ready for work to-night."

"Shure we don't go to-night, sergeant?"

"Who ways that:" demanded Feeny, quickly, whirling upon his suterdinates. The corporal looked embarrassed and turned to Moreno for support. Moreno, profoundly calm, was as profoundly oblivious.
"Moreno tor "began Murphy, finding him-Morenothere," began Murphy, finding him-

Moremothere, began Murphy, Bading himself ecopolicel to Speak.

"It" gravely, courreously protested the Mexican, with depreaciny shrug of his shoulders and upward lift of everyors. It What come, life was not you be ready, or you go not out to hight?"

"Neither you nor the likes of you know," was accomplications asked. As for you, Murphy, you he ready, and it's me you'll ask, not any outsider, when we go. I've had enough it swear at to-day without you fellows playing off on me. Go or no go, no liquor, mind you. The first man I catch drinking. I'll tile by the thumbs to the back of the ambulence, and he'll food it to Stoneman."

An words were wasted in romonstrance or reply. These were indeed "the days of the ompare in Arizon.—days soon after the great without question, the officers appointed over them. These were the days when voleran sergeants like Freny-men who had served under St. Goorge Cooke and Sumner and Hatner on the wide fronter before the war, who had ridden with the starry guidons in many a wild, whiching charge under sheridan and Merritt and Custer in the wardy of all recombinations of the region of the wild fronter before the war, who had ridden with the starry guidons in many a wild, whiching charge under sheridan and Merritt and Custer in the wardy of all recombinations of Arizona. Hare were the cases when they abused their privilege. Stem was their rule, rude their sneech, but by officers and men alike they were trusted and respected. As for Feeny, there were not lacking thuse who declared him spoiled. Twee that day had the paramater keen on the point of reduking its apparent indifference. Twice had per with the his property of the wardy of all representations of Arizona. Hare were the rass when they are not lacking those who declared him spoiled. Twee that day had the paramater is general. The property of the wardy of a first and not be proved to the property of the many of the paramater, in the paramater was withing the bad not ventured to disregard the caution of so shilled a vectora.

And yet

mountains on 'soth sides, and I'm trembling for fear the 'to already tound our camps. None of my party darod make the ride, so I had to come."

What was Plummer to do? He didn't want to rouse the syrgant. This wasn't going tak to Ceralvo's, latt riding northward fother rescue of imperilled healty. He simply couldn't refuse, especially when bonovan and to there were eager to go. From Mr. Hervey he learned that his latter had married into an old spanish Mexican family at Havana, had been induced by them to take charge of certain business in Matamoras, and that long atterward he had removed to Guarmas and themes to Tueson. The children had been educated at San Francisco, and the sisters, now 17 and 15 years of age respectively, waste soon to go to Cuoa to visit reintices of their mother, but were determined once more to see the quaint old home at Tueson before so doing: hence this pourney under his charge. The story seemed straight enough. Plummer had hever yet been to Tueson, but at Drum Harracks and Wilmington he had often heard of the Harveys, and 20 novan swore he knew them all by sight, especially the old man. The matter was settled before Plummer really knew whether to take the responsibility or not, and the cavalry corporal with five men role back into the alery heat of the Arizona day, and was miles away toward the Gila before Feeny awake to a realizing sense of what had happened. There in that little green safe were locked in thousands enough of dollars to temic all the outhway of the Occident to any deed of desperation that might lead to the capture of the booty, and with Donovan and his party away Feony saw he had but half a dozen men for de'ence.

At his interposition the Major hal at least done one thing warned Moreno not to sell a drop of his fiery mescal to any one of the men; and, when the Maxican expressed entire willingness to acquiesce. Feony's sus picious were really he had but half a dozen men for de'ence.

At his interposition the Major, with Castillan gravity: "take or withhold it as you wil

like nothing better than to get the escort drunk and turn us over bag, and baggage, to the Morales gang."

Thrice during the hot afternoon had Feeny scouted the premises and striven to find what number and manner of men Moreno might have in convealment there. Questioning was of little use. Moreno was ready to answer to anything, and was never known to built at a lie. Old Miguel, the haf-breed, who did old jobs about the well and the corral expressed profound ignorance both of the situation and Feeny's English. The Mexican boy had but one answer to all queries. "No sa-a-abe." Other occupants there were, but those even Feeny's sense of disty could not promot him to disturts. Somewhere in the denths of the domestic portion of the ranch, where the brush on the flat roof was piled most heavily and the walls were jeatously thick, all scouling parties or escorts well know that Moreno's wife and daughter were hidden from prying eyes, and runor had it that often there were more than two femining occupants; that these were sometimes joined by three or four others—wives or sweethearts of outlawed men who rode with Pasqual Morales, and all Arizona knew that Pasqual Morales had little more Mexican blood in his velus than had Fe-ny himself. He was an Americano, a gringo for whom long years ago the Sheriffs of California and Aveada had steamers. Americano, a gringo tor whom long years ago the Sheriffs of California and Nevada had chased in vain, who had sought refuge and a mate in Sonora, and whose swarthy features found no difficulty in masquerading under a Muxican name when the language of love had made him famillar with the Mexican tongue.

chased in vain, who lad sought relage and a mate in Sonora and whose swarthy features found no difficulty in masquerading under a disciplination of difficulty in masquerading under a disciplination of the control of

our eample our eamp? Did you see the dead man? Did — Oh, murther he's gone I there's never a word to be got out of aither of them this night. But don't you believe that leither, Major Don't you trust a word of its fashes. Its only a plant to rob ye of your escort lirst and your life and money later. That's it, men, dones them, kick them, murther that and may not life and money later. That's it, men, dones them, kick them, murther that you have been was needed. And, add ng force to his words. The point was needed. And, add ng force to his words, was needed. And, add ng force to his words, as to have you mean vu think that? Do you mean vu think that is faund, a trick? asked the Major. Why, it seems incredible? "I say mer what I mean Major. It's a plot to relevant the respectively, sit relatives from a did by site of the cay and the Harveys. I mean the gang has gathered for they can be also be a shout the Anaches west or south of hore or between us and the Gifa is a bloody life. The guard at the signal station hadn't seen or heard of them. They languaged at me when I took them wints they tried to make us believe at Ceralvo's. Twas there they wanted to have you stop, for there you'd have no chance at all. Shure, do you suppose if the have gon stop, for there you'd have been braing a the Pleacho y".

Then Murphy turned and ran around the seen in that to did have been braing a the Pleacho y".

Then Murphy turned and ran around the corner of the corral to a point where he could see the dim outline of the range against the western sky. The next moment his voice rose upon that the booty, and the least of the signal fire's blazing at the poak!"

The continued of the range against the booty, and the pleach y".

The signal was a set of the care and the night air, vicanat, thrilling:

To be considered.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PATTOR CAR AND SLEEPING CAR. A Ginne at Their History and at the Pres

ent Facts Concerning Them. No other country can boast of railroad serice equal to our own. Even our pigs and horses have palaces on wheels.
In 1857 Webster Wagner, then freight agent

of the New York and Hudson River Railroad, the idea of putting berths into cars so that inssengers might sleep in them. One year later four of these cars were in operation. Wagner used ordinary coaches and constructed berths in tiers like those in ocean

There were three tiers. The upper berths were made of stats. During the day these slats were taken out, together with the mattresses, and were plied in the ends of the cars. The cost of construction of these cars was about \$12,000 each. Two years later Mr. Wagner changed these berths so that they were hung from above by iron rods. On sharp curves the occupant of the berth was apt to be thrown out or at least have his elbows thumped against the side of the car. The cars were very crude. Atin wash basin apologized for the absence of a bathroom. The absence of all other comforts apologized for them.

A few months after Mr. Wagner conceived the idea of a sleeping car George M. Pullman was riding on the Chicago and Alton Railroad when a similar scheme struck him. He got two of the railroad's passenger coaches and constructed a sleeping car much like Mr. Wagner's. Neither gentleman was aware of the doings of the other. One of these cars built by Mr. Pullman was the famous "Pioneer." now honorably retired. From these two beginnings sprang the two great palace

enough in all conscience, what severy it migral passes when a surcession of viveal massi distantaneous in the procession of viveal massing the procession of the process